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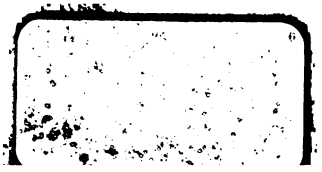

Gray
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Gray 1851
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THE

POEMS

OF

THOMAS GRAY,

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS

FROM THE DESIGNS OF

RICHD WESTALL R.A.

R. Westall R.A. del. W. Finden sc.

"In thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
The Bard

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.
1821.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

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BY C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

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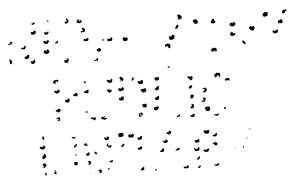

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CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

AMONG the most finished and classical compositions in English poetry, we must certainly rank the Poems of THOMAS GRAY. Few as they are, the mere triflings of a man of letters, who prided himself less on being a scholar, than on sustaining the easy, desultory character of a gentleman, they have sufficed to place his fame above all danger from either the petulance of criticism, or the caprices of taste. What Dr. Johnson admitted with regard to the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, may, without any restriction, be applied to his works: the merit of their author is now so generally appreciated, the public suffrages concurring with the competent decision of criticism, that it has become "vain to blame," if not "useless to praise him."

The Elegy is, perhaps, the most popular poem in the language. It is the favourite recitation of every school boy; and he who has once committed it to memory, is not willing ever to forget it. Hackneyed

as it is, and, what is still worse for the effect of a poem, imitated and parodied as it has been times without number, it still retains its original power to call up those pleasing and pensive associations which the charm of the sentiment, and the perfect grace of the versification, are adapted to excite. While his other productions slowly gained the public attention, the Elegy, when it first found its way into some of the periodical publications, was read and copied with avidity; and upon its being subsequently printed, speedily ran through eleven editions. It was translated into Latin verse by three different classical scholars, and five have translated it into Greek. Gray himself expressed surprise at the rapidity of the sale, and indignant at the neglect with which, what he deemed superior productions, his Odes, had been received, attributed the popularity of the Elegy entirely to its subject, saying, "that the public would have received it as well had it been written in prose." In this he deceived himself. The Elegy is not the most perfect of his poems, nor does it display the most original genius. It unquestionably owed much of the interest it immediately excited, to its being accommodated, in its turn of thought and moral, to the capacity of childhood, and to the universal instinct of human nature. But then, it is in imparting this permanent charm to common place sentiments, and in rescuing back to poetry, subjects which have become unaffecting from their mere triteness and familiarity, that the power of real genius is sometimes

most unequivocally exhibited. In his Elegy, Gray has, in this respect, achieved what no second writer has been able to succeed in doing; and his merit cannot be shewn more strikingly by any circumstance than by the vast distance at which he has been able to place all his imitators.

But in fact, though the Elegy is less elaborated than several of his poems, there are other causes to which it owes its deserved popularity. This, more than any other of his works, was probably written under the influence of strong feeling, and of the vivid impressions of the beautiful in the scenery of nature. The date of its composition, although it was not finished till some years after, is the period at which his mind was overspread with melancholy, in consequence of the loss of his amiable and accomplished friend, West. The scenes amid which it was composed, were well adapted to sooth and cherish that contemplative sadness which, when the wounds of grief are healing, it is a luxury to indulge. In the secluded and romantic church-yard where his remains are, in fulfilment of his own request, deposited, there still stands a majestic yew-tree, which would seem to claim, on the ground of high probability, to be viewed as the very one described by the poet. A monument consisting of a large stone sarcophagus on a lofty base, erected to his memory in Stoke Park, contiguous to the spot, bears record that he is buried amid the scenes which

inspired his lays. On two of its sides are inscribed stanzas taken from the Elegy; and it is inevitable to believe, that the "rugged elms," the "yew-tree's shade," the "wood now smiling as in scorn," there described, are the same as form the picturesque features of the landscape. Besides this, there are expressions in the poem so minutely accurate as descriptive of the objects and sounds of rural nature, that nothing but actual observation could have suggested the nice selection of the precise epithets by which they are characteristically discriminated. These delicate touches will scarcely admit of being formally particularized; but, in "the nodding beech

"That wreathes its old fantastic *root* so high,"

in "the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed," in the line describing the returning herd, and in the drowsy tinklings of the folded sheep falling upon the ear at intervals, so different from the quick busy tinkling of sheep in the field,—the lover of nature will not fail to recognise the marks of actual observation, as well as of exquisite taste. No poem is richer in specimens of the picturesque force of language.

The Odes of Gray display the same taste and feeling, but they are certainly in a more elevated strain of composition. There is little propriety in the neatly turned compliment which ascribes

"A Pindar's rapture [to] the lyre of Gray."

Gray has written two poems, which he designates Pindaric Odes. These constitute nearly the whole of his resemblance to Pindar. The productions of genius, at periods in the history of society so remote, can seldom admit of being brought into comparison; and Pindar is of all ancient bards, perhaps, the most inaccessible to either rivals or imitators. The original purpose of the Ode does not differ less than the style of the poetry, from that of modern lyrical composition. Designed, like the Drama, for public recitation, it was indebted for the kind of effect which it sought to produce, to its particular accommodation to the temper and genius of a mixed audience. Its character was strictly popular; and though the lapse of time, and the uncertainties of expression in a dead language, may throw an obscurity sometimes impenetrable over the compositions of the ancient bard, there can be no doubt that, as recited, the most abrupt and harsh transitions had none of their apparent violence, and that the most indistinct allusions were instantly caught by the hearers, as perhaps some of the most effective passages in the poem. The Ancient Ode, and the Ancient Drama, are distinguished chiefly by the greater simplicity of structure, and the less elaborate style which characterized the former species of composition. The sublimity of Pindar does not arise from a sustained dignity of thought or pomp of diction, but from the occasional grandeur of his conceptions, from the comparative elevation of his

ethical, and, if such a term may be allowed, his theological sentiments; in which respect he rose as far above the level of the heathen vulgar, as in the exuberant fertility, and wildness, and splendour of his genius, he excelled the rest of the Grecian minstrelsy. The modern poet who in these respects the most nearly resembled him, is Dante, who, in the moral attributes of his mind, towered not less eminently above his age, and was not less the boast and favourite of his fellow-countrymen. The poems of Dante are said to have excited so general an enthusiasm throughout Italy, that they were sung instead of the popular songs of the country, as the poems of Homer were recited by the rhapsodists; and, after his death, professors were appointed at several universities, expressly to lecture upon his *Commedia*. Both Pindar and Dante availed themselves of the popular fictions, the childish legends of superstition, as sources of impressive imagery, while it is evident that in the mind of the poet they were far from ranking among the objects of faith. Both wrote, however, for those with whom they passed for realities. It was not as fictions, but as truths, that they were introduced into their verses. Poetry, in those rude ages, summoned the imagination to listen to her fables as to religious verities; and faith mingled itself with curiosity and wonder. The reign of imagination is passed when we have outlived the credulity of childhood. The periods at which the poet has been able to exert the strongest sensible in-

fluence, by acting upon the passions of mankind, have been those at which the credulity of childhood was carried forward into the matured powers of the man, and when what assumed the character of religion, was a superstition which aimed no further than to captivate and domineer over the fancy. Such was the age at which the Theban flourished. Traditions then held the place of histories, and songs and poems, learned and recited with enthusiasm, served instead of books. With these the memory was filled; by these the intellectual character was greatly determined. When, therefore, the favourite poet of his nation came to recite some new composition before an audience thus educated to receive the full impression of his verse, that impression being aided by the musical accompaniment which formed so essential a circumstance of the Ode, it is easy to conceive that an effect must have been produced, to which nothing in our own days presents a parallel.

The fictions of the poet, however they may please the fancy by the elegance of invention, or by their allegorical beauty, no longer command the involuntary homage of the imagination, or for a moment agitate the passions. Nevertheless, a sort of reflected interest in some instances attaches to them. We know that they were once received with superstitious credulity, and by strong sympathy with those who did believe in them, we are capable of being

made to feel as if they had an existence independent of our imagination. They have, indeed, an historical existence, as belonging to a system which once had upon men's minds all the power of reality; and conscious of an instinct answering to that from which the belief of those dark ages proceeded, we can at once, by transporting ourselves into their circumstances, realize the feelings which belonged to them, and please ourselves by sporting with the objects of their earnest terror and religious awe.

Something of this reflected kind of interest attaches, perhaps, to the Ode itself. Its alliance to music remains undissolved to the imagination, and a still more powerful charm results from the classic recollections which are connected with it. What but this power of association could impart to hundreds of imitations and translations any charm, even in the eyes of their authors? They are, in themselves, any thing rather than poetry, but they are like rude sketchings, which recall to those acquainted with the original, the objects of enthusiastic delight. But it is obvious that modern literature can have little in common, either in its purpose or its character, with the hymns and songs and recitals which breathed the first warm feelings of poetry in ruder ages. Modern poetry, so far as it appeals to the feelings at all, appeals to them as so essentially modified by the altered state of society, that the kind

of emotion which it excites, and the mode in which it affects us, are altogether different. The finer expedients of art, which are adapted to touch the springs of feeling in the closet, are far from being the same as those by which, under other circumstances, a much stronger impression could with greater certainty be calculated upon. The emotions which the early poet sought to awaken, were but the ebullition of the simple feelings of our nature in uncultivated minds; but the pleasures derivable from literary composition in a cultivated age, those to which the poet especially seeks to minister, result from the complicated emotions of taste. These seldom rise to the height of enthusiasm, the most poignant being those which partake of pity and tenderness; a very high degree of pleasure, however, attends the feeling of admiration, as awakened by beauty of style, or by elevation of sentiment. Sentimental poetry, to which class the Ode may be referred, depends for its pleasurable effect, almost entirely upon those qualities which address the perceptions of taste; and it is in the exhibition of these qualities that Gray's great excellence as a poet consists. His Odes are the rich and rare production of a mind of native elegance in the highest state of literary culture. Music itself could scarcely add to the harmony of his numbers, while the splendour of his imagery fills the mind, and like the romantic and picturesque in nature, at once stirs and solemnizes the fancy.

"The Bard," and "The Progress of Poetry," are, of course, the poems to which the preceding remarks have chiefly alluded. It may be admitted that neither of these is a faultless composition. The petulance of criticism may discover in both some minute verbal inaccuracies; but they are indisputably two of the most perfect, as well as of the most impressive, pieces of poetry in the language. Gray entitled them Pindaric Odes, because, priding himself more upon his learning than upon his powers of composition, it was his aim to rescue the Odes of Pindar from the misapprehension which Cowley and his imitators had been the means of rendering general on the subject of their style and versification. Odes written for music, as the Odes of Pindar were, might be expected to exhibit a regularity, or a methodical recurrence of stanza, very different from the lawless eccentricity of modern Pindaric verse. The Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode of the ancient lyric, whatever was their precise object, were certainly not arbitrary or useless divisions. These names, indeed, convey no meaning to an English ear, and perhaps their introduction rather savours of pedantry; but the reduction of the ode to some uniformity of construction, was a service rendered to taste.

It was not in the lawlessness of his versification only, that Cowley abused the epithet by which he chose to distinguish his eccentric but often beautiful

productions: nothing can present a more direct opposite to the style of thought and diction characteristic of Pindar, than the quaint metaphysical wit of the school of Donne. Gray, however, was not the first to reform upon this school. He had rather to contend with one of a much later date, though not of very opposite kind, that of which Pope claimed to be the master in chief, and the reign of which over public taste was so absolute, that no poet could hope to gain popularity whose verses were not modeled in uniformity to its laws. It was this prejudice which occasioned the exquisite compositions of Collins*, as well as the Odes of Gray, to be received with indifference, and treated with neglect. Goldsmith is said to have spoken of Gray's poetry with contempt, and he alludes to it in a similar spirit in the preface to his edition of Parnell. Dr. Johnson's superficial and splenetic criticisms probably originated in the same prejudice. There is such a thing as bigotry in taste: persons are angry at being disturbed in their habits of opinion. Hence, those whose notions of good poetry had been almost exclusively formed upon the neat, and sparkling, and epigrammatic versification of the Translator of Homer, were indisposed to tolerate the bold novelties of writers who challenged admiration for a species of composition so different, that it might seem

* The Odes of Collins appeared in 1746.

to imply almost a new theory on the subject of poetry; and perhaps the additional demand which the boldly figurative and sometimes metaphysical style of Collins, more especially, made upon the attention, not to say the intellectual faculties of his readers, contributed not a little to provoke the critic's spleen. On no occasion do persons discover more impatience at being made to think against their will, or at having any trouble to surmount in gaining possession of an author's meaning, than when they promise themselves the idle amusement of what is termed light reading. Poetry, it is generally taken for granted, must be uniformly of this description, and, therefore, in the poet, least of all, is any apparent obscurity tolerated. It deserves, however, remark, that Gray is wholly free from that obscurity of style which arises from affected involutions, or harsh ellipses, or antiquated phraseology. His diction is the purest English, and his expressions are always perspicuous, although the allusions which they contain, sometimes presuppose in the reader a larger share of erudition than is the average endowment of the generality. In his Odes, it is evident he did not intend to write for the vulgar: the style he aimed at, was, as he himself tells us, "extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical," considering this as one of the chief beauties of lyric poetry. In his Elegy, his style is more on a level with general readers.

It only remains to notice his lighter productions. The "Long Story" is an exquisite *jeu d'esprit*: its elegant playfulness reminds us of the best productions in the same style of Cowper; and lets us more than almost any other of his poems, into the secret of Gray's native character. Lord Orford is said to have asserted, that Gray never wrote any thing easily but "things of humour,"—that "humour was his natural and original turn." Without subscribing exactly to the perfect correctness of this opinion, we may gather from his Letters, that he had that natural vivacity of temper, which, added to a keen perception of the ridiculous, and a *naïve* manner of expression, would incline him, in his familiar moments, to this unbending of the faculties. In his conversation, too, we are told, Gray was apt to be satirical. With what zest he luxuriated in the utmost poignancy of sarcasm and ridicule when he chose to give license to his pen, is, indeed, sufficiently evinced by the three lampoons which are now incorporated with his Odes and his Elegy. These would by no means bear out the assertion that satire was his forte, but they concur to shew that it was a species of writing in which his taste did not forbid him to indulge, and in which his talents would doubtless have enabled him to excel. In his correspondence, however, he is only playful; and if his humour does not often sparkle into wit, it still more rarely degenerates into the malignity of

satire. But we are anticipating our sketch of his character.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London, Dec. 26, 1716. He received his education at Eton, under Mr. Antrobus, his maternal uncle, then one of the assistant masters: it was here that he contracted a friendship with Horace Walpole and the son of West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. From Eton he went to Cambridge, and was entered a pensioner at Peterhouse in 1734; but having no taste for mathematical studies, he did not become a candidate for academical honours. Both while at Eton, and during his residence at Cambridge, he was indebted for his entire support to the affection and firmness of his mother, who, out of her share of the proceeds of a trade in which her little capital was vested previously to her marriage, in partnership with her sister, in what was then called an India warehouse, (the profits of which were fortunately secured to her sole benefit by articles of agreement,) discharged all her own personal expenses, as well as those entailed by her children. Gray's father, a man of the most violent passions, and, judging from his brutal treatment of his wife, of unprincipled character, not only refused all assistance, but even endeavoured to force her to give up the shop, on which she depended for the means of procuring a liberal education for her son, in order, as was supposed, to gain possession

of her money. To the exemplary presence of mind of his admirable mother, Gray had already owed the preservation of his life. All the rest of her children died in their infancy from suffocation, produced, we are told, by fulness of blood. Thomas was attacked with a paroxysm of a similar kind, which was removed by his mother's promptly opening a vein with her own hand*. She lived to see her affectionate exertions and solicitudes well repaid, to witness the rising fame, and to receive the grateful attentions of that only surviving son. She died at the age of sixty-seven; and, after her decease, which took place in 1753, Gray, says Mr. Mason, "seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh."

Gray left Cambridge in 1738, with the intention of applying himself to the study of the law; but he was easily induced to relinquish this design on receiving an invitation to accompany his friend Mr. Walpole to the continent. They proceeded together through France to Italy, and passed the winter of 1739-40 at Florence: they afterwards visited Rome and Naples, and were proceeding to explore other parts of that classical region; but at Reggio, an unfortunate difference took place between the two friends, occasioned, according to Walpole's

* These facts are stated by the Rev. Mr. Mitford, in his Life of Gray, prefixed to the quarto edition of his works, London, 1816.

own statement, by Gray's being "too serious a companion" for a dissipated young man, just let loose from the restraints of college. It is probable that Walpole's irregularities drew from his graver friend remonstrances in too indignantly severe, perhaps too authoritative a tone to be brooked with temper; and they were resented in terms which Gray could never quite forgive. A separation took place, and Gray pursued his travels alone to Venice, where he spent some weeks, and returned to England in September, 1741.

Two months after his arrival, his father died, and his widow, left with a scanty income, retired to the house of one of her sisters, Mrs. Rogers, at Stoke, near Windsor. Gray now returned to Cambridge, the conveniences of a college life being better suited than an independent establishment, to the narrowed state of his finances. Here, in 1742, he was admitted to the degree of bachelor in the civil law. Cambridge had as a residence no attractions for him beyond its literary advantages. In his Hymn to Ignorance, and in his private letters, he indulges his sarcastic vein much at the expense of the then general character of that University. About this period, he first sedulously applied himself to poetical composition. He had no serious pursuit to call forth the ardour of his mind; and, "alas!" he says in a letter to his friend West, "alas for one who

has nothing to do but to amuse himself!" His Ode to Spring was written early in June, during a visit to his mother at Stoke. He addressed it to that same accomplished correspondent; but it never reached him. West was at the time numbered with the dead, his tender frame having sunk beneath the pressure of sickness and domestic sorrows. The Ode on the Prospect of Eton, the Hymn to Adversity, and the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, were written soon after, evidently under the influence of the melancholy feelings inspired by the loss of his early friend. The Ode first appeared in 1747, published by Dodsley. The Elegy was not published till 1750, when, having found its way into the magazines, the author requested Mr. Walpole, with whom he now again corresponded on familiar terms, to put it into the hands of Dodsley.

The Ode on the Progress of Poesy, and the Bard, were written in 1755. The latter, however, remained for some time in an unfinished state, till his accidentally seeing a blind harper performing on a Welsh harp, "again," as he tells us, "put his ode in motion, and brought it to a conclusion." In 1757, Gray had the honour of declining the office of poet laureat on the death of Cibber. "The office," he says in a letter to Mason, "has always humbled the possessor hitherto:—if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous; and if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry

of his own profession; for there are poets little enough even to envy a poet laureat." The office was accepted by Whitehead.

In January, 1759, the British Museum was opened to the public, and Gray, during three subsequent years, continued to reside in London for the purpose of daily repairing to its library, employing the greater part of his time in reading and transcribing. He visited Scotland in the summer of 1765, where he became acquainted with Dr. Beattie, in whom he found, to use his own expression, " a poet, a philosopher, and a good man." In 1768, Gray received, without solicitation, through the favour of the Duke of Grafton, the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages and History at the University of Cambridge; a place of some emolument, for which, six years before, he had been " spirited up" to apply to Lord Bute, on the death of Mr. Turner, but without success. On the Duke's installation into the chancellorship of the University in the following year, Gray composed the Ode for Music, which was performed in the senate-house on the occasion.

It was his intention, on obtaining the professorship, to read lectures; but the declining state of his health, and his excessive fastidiousness with regard to his own compositions, concurred to prevent his ever realizing this design. His rigid abstemiousness could not avert the attacks of hereditary gout, to

which he now became increasingly subject, and which left behind a painful degree of debility, and an habitual depression of spirits. The uneasiness he felt at holding the professorship without discharging its duties, had at one time made him resolve upon resigning the office. But he did not hold it long. On the 24th of July, 1771, while at dinner in the college hall, he was seized with a sudden nausea and faintness, symptomatic of an attack of gout in the stomach. A few days after, he suffered a repetition of the attack with aggravated violence, followed by frequent convulsion fits, and on the 30th of July, he expired in his fifty-fifth year.

The account of Gray, given by one of his contemporaries, to the general accuracy of which all his biographers have subscribed, represents him as "perhaps the most learned man in Europe." He was equally acquainted with the elegant and the profound parts of science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquary. He was deeply read in Dugdale, Hearne, and Spelman, and was a complete master of heraldry. His skill in zoology and entomology was extremely accurate; and during the latter part of his life, he found time to resume the

botanical studies of his early years. His taste in music, we are told, was excellent, being formed on the study of the great Italian masters contemporary with Pergolesi, and he performed on the harpsichord. In painting he was a connoisseur, and architecture at one time received a considerable portion of his studious attention. But classical literature was his favourite pursuit: to this he applied with constant, unwearied assiduity; and he is generally allowed the merit of having been a profound as well as an elegant scholar. The notes upon various Greek authors, which he has left behind him, bear the marks of patient labour and accurate judgment. His criticisms are replete with philosophical discrimination, and discover, like every thing else that proceeded from his pen, the most refined and delicate taste.

Gray is described as in person small, but well made, very nice and exact in his dress, in conversation lively, and possessing a singular facility of expression. By his intimate friends he appears to have been tenderly esteemed. To strangers he observed a reserve and precision of deportment which seemed to bespeak the reverse of sociability, while his polished language, which might be mistaken by them for a studied style, together with his effeminate and what were thought finical manners, subjected him to the charge of affectation. His fastidi-

ousness too would sometimes betray itself in the visible expression of contempt; and he was satirical; but we do not learn that either his contempt or his sarcasm was ever bestowed inappropriately, or without just provocation. His general conduct was marked by urbanity and cheerfulness; his mind never contracted "the rust of pedantry." Dr. Beattie says, "he had none of the airs of either a scholar or a poet." He was capable too of warm friendship, and such a man could not be an unamiable man. On the contrary, he is spoken of as an ornament to society.

It is charged upon his character as a weakness, that, like Congreve, while he himself owed all his distinction to his mental endowments and literary attainments, he "could not bear to be considered only as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman who read for his amusement." There is a passage in one of his letters which partly confirms, and at the same time throws some light on this representation. "To find one's self business," he writes, "I am persuaded is the great art of life. I am never so angry as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery; as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, than at one's own;

and as if they could not go, unless they were wound up: yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint; it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself." Is it more than candid to conclude that his unwillingness to be regarded as a man of letters, arose from that dislike of ostentatious pretension which distinguishes the man of thorough learning from the pedant, while what he saw in the University of professional vulgarity, made him set the more value on the character of the gentleman? And in this who will say that Gray was not right?

Cenotaph

ERECTED IN STOKE PARK TO THE

MEMORY OF GRAY.

THE delightful scenery of the Churchyard, and of Stoke old mansion, seen among the trees, are admirably described in the "Elegy" and "Long Story," but that once magnificent "Ancient Pile" is now a ruin. The "Ode on a Prospect of Eton College," distant about four miles, was written on this spot. Sir Edward Coke's Column in the distance, is another of those chaste ornaments with which this classic scene is adorned. The inscription and quotations following, are on the several sides of the pedestal of the Sarcophagus.

This Monument
In honor of Thomas Gray,
was erected A. D. MDCCXCIX, among
the scenes celebrated by that
Great Lyric and Elegiac Poet.
He died XXX July MDCCLXXI, and
lies unnoticed in the Church Yard
adjoining, under the Tombstone on †
which he piously and pathetically
recorded the interment of his
Aunt, and lamented Mother.

"Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

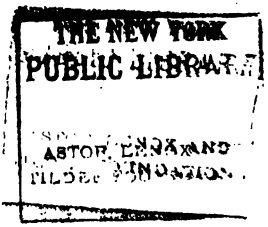
One morn, I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he."

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Ah! happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah! fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow.

† Represented in the view under the church window to the left. The legend is as follows. In the vault beneath, are deposited in hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of MARY ANTROBUS. She died unmarried November 5th, 1749, aged 66. In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of DOROTHY GRAY, widow, the careful tender Mother of many Children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11th, 1753, aged 67.

Robert Balmanno del.ᵗ John Pye Sculp.ᵗ 1820

"_____ with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read, (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."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POEMS

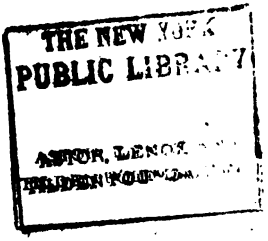
OF

THOMAS GRAY.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train appear.———

DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL, R.A. ENGRAVED BY J. H. ROBINSON.
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.
FEB. 1. 1821.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ODES.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ON THE

DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

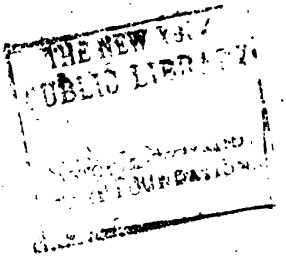
ODE

ON

ETON COLLEGE.

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL, R.A. ENGRAVED BY W. RADCLYFFE.
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.
DEC. 1. 1820.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ON A DISTANT

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος, ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.
MENANDER.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's[1] holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,

[1] King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:

Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those shall try
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

TO ADVERSITY.

——— Ζῆνα ———

. . . . . .

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώσαντα, τὸν πάθει μαθος
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

THE

PROGRESS OF POESY.

To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.

DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL R.A. ENGRAVED BY GEORGE CORBOULD:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.
DEC.1.1820.

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THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων
Χατίζει.

PINDAR.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Ver. 1. *Awake, Æolian lyre, awake*] "Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp." DAVID'S PSALMS.

VARIATION.—"Awake, my lyre: my glory, wake."

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολῆς μολπῆ, Αἰόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sov'reign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.

Ver. 13. *Oh! Sov'reign of the willing soul*] Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

Ver. 20. *Perching on the sceptred hand*] This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

Ver. 25. *Thee the voice, the dance, obey*] Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

II. I.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,

Ver. 42. *Man's feeble race what ills await*] To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,

Ver. 54. *In climes beyond the solar road*] Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs, &c.]

"Extra anni solisque vias—"

VIRGIL.

"Tutta lontana dal camin del sole."

PETRARCH.

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,

Ver. 66. *Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep*] Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surry and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

☞ GRAY has been long dead, the Poets of the present day rather imitate the Italian and early English Poets than the French.

Ver. 84. *In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid*] "Nature's darling," SHAKSPEARE.

What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
"This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy,
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of etherial race, [ing pace.
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resound-

Ver. 95. *Nor second He, that rode sublime*] MILTON.

Ver. 99. *The living throne, the sapphire blaze*] "For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord." EZEK. i. 20, 26, 28.

Ver. 106. *With necks in thunder cloath'd*] "Hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder?" JOB.—This verse and the foregoing

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more——
  Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
  Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
  That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
  Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
  Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
  Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

are meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

Ver. 111. *But ah! 'tis heard no more*] We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day; for Cowley, who had merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses; above all in the last of Caractacus:

"Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread?" &c.

Ver. 115. *That the Theban eagle bear*] Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. OLYMP. II. 159. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

I. 1.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,

Ver. 5. *Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail*] The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

Ver. 11. ——*of Snowdon's shaggy side*] Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway.

Ver. 13. *Stout Glo'ster*] Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford; married at Westminster, May 2, 1290, to Joan de Acres or Acon (so called from having been born at Acon in the Holy Land) second daughter of King Edward.—He died 1295.

Ver. 14. "*To arms!*" *cried Mortimer*] Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lord Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

Ver. 19. *Loose his beard, and hoary hair*] The image was taken from a well-known picture by Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel.

"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,

Ver. 35. *On dreary Arvon's shore they lie*] The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

Ver. 38. *The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by*] Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh Craigian-eryri, or the crags of the eagles. At this day the highest point of Snowdon is called the Eagle's Nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the peak of Derbyshire. (See Willoughby's Ornithology, published by Ray.)

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

Ver. 48. *And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line*] See the Norwegian Ode (the Fatal Sisters) that follows.

Ver. 55. *The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring*] Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

Ver. 57. *She-wolf of France*] Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.

Ver. 60. *The scourge of Heav'n*] Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,

Ver. 64. *Low on his funeral couch he lies*] Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

Ver. 67. *Is the sable warrior fled*] Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

Ver. 71. *Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows*] Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissart, and other contemporary writers.

Ver. 77. *Fill high the sparkling bowl*] Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death. The story of his assassination, by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:

Ver. 83. *Heard ye the din of battle bray*] Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.

Ver. 87. *Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,*
With many a foul and midnight murder fed]
Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

Ver. 89. *Revere his consort's faith*] Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

Ibid. ——— *his father's fame*] Henry the Fifth.

Ver. 90. *And spare the meek usurper's holy head*] Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

Ver. 91. *Above, below, the rose of snow*] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

Ver. 93. *The bristled boar in infant-gore*] The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

Ver. 99. *Half of thy heart we consecrate*] Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well-known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

Ver. 109. *No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail*] It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was

III. 2.

" Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts thy rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

still alive in Fairyland, and would return again to reign over Britain.

Ver. 110. *All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail*] Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

Ver. 117. *Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face*] Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."

Ver. 121. *Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear*] Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

III. 3.

" The verse adorn again
  " Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
  In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
  A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
  That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
  Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
  And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
  The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
  To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

Ver. 128. *In buskin'd measures move.*] SHAKSPEARE.

Ver. 131. *A voice, as of the cherub-choir.*] MILTON.

Ver. 133. *And distant warblings lessen on my ear*] The succession of poets after Milton's time.

FOR MUSIC,

(IRREGULAR).

Performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the Installation of the Duke of Grafton, as Chancellor of the University.

I.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flowers.
Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:

There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

IV.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:

Great Edward, with the lillies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,

Ver. 39. *Great Edward, with the lillies on his brow*] Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

Ver. 41. *And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn*] Mary de Valentia, countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

Ver. 42. *That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare*] Elizabeth de Burg, countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare Hall.

Ver. 43. *And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose*] Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in 'The *Bard*,' epode 2d, line 13th.

Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

Ver. 45. *And either Henry there*] Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

V.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret see!
"Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
To this, thy kindred train, and me:

Ver. 66. *The venerable Marg'ret see*] Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

"Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reverces herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest above and men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

Ver. 70. *A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace*] The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

Ver. 84. *The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings*] Lord Treasurer Burleigh was chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

VIII.

" Through the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

THE FATAL SISTERS.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

To be found in the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, folio: and also in Bartholinus, p. 617. lib. 3. c. 1. 4to.

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

In the eleventh century *Sigurd*, earl of the Orkney islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, king of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas day, (the day of the battle) a native of Caithness in Scotland, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) gallopped six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the *Valkyriur*, female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Choosers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands: and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted

them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reigns to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep:
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field!

THE

DESCENT OF ODIN

What Virgins these in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow?

DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL, R.A. ENGRAVED BY R. RHODES;
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY:
DEC. 1. 1820.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

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THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

The original is to be found in Bartholinus, De Causis contemnendæ Mortis; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto, p. 632.

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:

Ver. 4. *That leads to Hela's drear abode*] Niflheliar, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the goddess of death. MASON.

Hela, in the Edda, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh-colour, and half blue. GRAY.

Ver. 5. *Him the dog of darkness spied*] The Edda gives this dog the name of Managarmar. He fed upon the lives of those that were to die. MASON.

Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee:
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the sons of heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey,
Prophetess, arise, and say,

Ver. 40. *Tell me what is done below*] Odin was anxious about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed he was soon to die. He was killed by Odin's other son, Hoder, who was himself slain by Vali, the son of Odin and Rinda, consonant with this prophecy. *See the Edda.*

Ver. 51. *Once again my call obey*] Women were looked upon by the Gothic nations as having a peculiar insight into futurity; and some there were that made profession of magic arts and divination. These travelled round the country, and were received in every house with great respect and honour. Such a woman bore the name of Volva Seidkona or Spakona. The

What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,

dress of Thorbiorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eirik's Rauda Sogu, (apud Bartholin. lib. i. cap. iv. p. 688.) "She had on a blue vest spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff adorned with brass, with a round head set with stones; and was girt with an Hunlandish belt, at which hung her pouch full of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough calf-skin, bound on with thongs studded with knobs of brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin, the fur turned inwards," &c. They were also called *Fiolkyngi*, or *Fiolkunnug*, i. e. Multi-scia; and *Visindakona*, i. e. Oraculorum Mulier; *Nornir*, i. e. Parcæ. GRAY.

Ver. 66. *Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair*] King Harold made (according to the singular custom of his time) a solemn

Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose;
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of men I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

vow never to *clip or comb his hair*, till he should have extended his sway over the whole country. *Herbert's Iceland. Translat.* p. 39.

Ver. 75. *What virgins these, in speechless woe*] "It is not certain," says Mr. Herbert, "what Odin means by the question concerning the weeping virgins; but it has been supposed that it alludes to the embassy afterwards sent by Frigga to try to redeem Balder from the infernal regions, and that Odin betrays his divinity by mentioning what had not yet happened." *Iceland. Translat.* p. 48.

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain;
Never, till substantial night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

Ver. 86. *But mother of the giant brood*] In the Latin, "mater trium gigantum:" probably Angerbode, who from her name seems to be "no prophetess of good;" and who bore to Loke, as the Edda says, three children, the wolf Fenris, the great serpent of Midgard, and Hela, all of them called giants in that system of mythology. MASON.

Ver. 90. *Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain*] Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the *twilight of the gods* approaches: when he shall break his bonds, the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. MASON.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN*.

A FRAGMENT.

From Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry: London, 1764, quarto, p. 25, and p. 127. Owen succeeded his father Griffith app Cynan in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1137. This battle was fought in the year 1157.
Jones's Relics, vol. ii. p. 36.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;

* The original Welsh of the above poem was the composition of Gwalchmai the son of Melir, immediately after Prince Owen Gwynedd had defeated the combined fleets of Iceland, Denmark, and Norway, which had invaded his territory on the coast of Anglesea.

Ver. 4. *Gwyneth*] North Wales.

This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory dress'd,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.

Ver. 14. *Lochlin*] Denmark.

Ver. 20. *The dragon son of Mona stands*] The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners. MASON.

Ver. 23. *There the thund'ring strokes begin*] "It seems (says Dr. Evans, p. 26,) that the fleet landed in some part of the firth of Menai, and that it was a kind of mixed engagement, some fighting from the shore, others from the ships; and probably the great slaughter was owing to its being low water, and that they could not sail.

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn,
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty, rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

* * * * * * * * *

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

Selected from the Gododin of Aneurin *, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliessin, A. D. 570. See Mr. Evans's Specimens, p. 71 and 73.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;

* Aneurin with the flowing Muse, King of Bards, brother to Gildas Albanius the historian, lived under Mynyddawg of Edinburgh, a prince of the North, whose Eurdorchogion, or warriors wearing the golden torques, three hundred and sixty-three in number, were all slain, except Aneurin and two others, in a battle with the Saxons at Cattraeth, on the eastern coast of Yorkshire. His Gododin, an heroic poem written on that event, is perhaps the oldest and noblest production of that age." Jones's Relics, vol. i. p. 17.

Ver. 3. *Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd*] The kingdom of Deïra included the counties of Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland.

Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row,
Thrice two hundred warriors go:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

HAVE ye seen the tusky boar,*
Or the bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caràdoc bore his lance.

CONAN'S name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,

* *Have ye seen, &c.*] This and the following short fragment ought to have appeared among the Posthumous Pieces of Gray; but it was thought preferable to insert them in this place with the preceding fragment from the Gododin.

Sacred tribute of the bard,
Verse, the hero's sole reward.
As the flame's devouring force;
As the whirlwind in its course;
As the thunder's fiery stroke,
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

EPITAPH

ON

MRS. CLARKE.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps:
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

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ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun *.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

" The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

* This stanza, which completes the account of the Poet's day, although in the author's MS. has hitherto appeared but in the form of a note; but as Mr. Mason observes, " without it, we have only his morning walk and his noon-tide repose."

THE EPITAPH.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

* "Before the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation:

"'There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.'"

The Editor of the present edition of the Poet, has ventured to recall into *the Elegy*, one stanza *(the fourth)* which appears only in the margin of former editions; upon a hint received from a gentleman resident at Stoke Park, in the following letter: "I do not see how the edition could suffer, in a critical point of view, by the restoration of that fine stanza of Gray's

into the body of the Elegy. It is acknowledged by Mason and others, to be equal to any in the poem; and, certainly it contains more to characterize it than any other. The cause of its unfortunate rejection by the author is manifest, and shows that it was not from his having disapproved it. From two preceding, and a following stanza, *which were rejected with it*, he withdrew two ideas, and some lines, which he transferred and worked up in other parts of the Elegy, thus leaving this fine stanza insulated; and because it so became unfitted for the particular place for which he had first designed it, he dropped it altogether. But yet it contained only an abrupt and sudden reflection; which was suitable equally to other passages or places, though not employed there. This he appears not to have considered; and he thereby incautiously despoiled his poem of a sentiment, not only fitting, but moreover eminently requisite. Now, this sentiment finds a natural place immediately *after* the *third* stanza;—after the descriptions of darkness and silence, and before the minuter particulars of the church-yard are entered upon. It would, therefore, I think, most sublimely constitute the *fourth* stanza of the Elegy. In that place, it would prepare the mind for the solemn sequel, and throw a religious sanctity over it; at the same time correcting and explaining, what has always given me and others, offence and pain,—the equivocal expression, 'each in his narrow cell *for ever* laid:' showing, that the Poet only meant 'for ever,' with reference to the scenes of *this present life*."

SONNET

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. WEST.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

A LONG STORY.

In the year 1750 Mr. Gray finished his celebrated Elegy, and communicated it to his friend Mr. Walpole, whose good taste was too much charmed to suffer him to withhold the sight of it from his acquaintance; accordingly it was shown about for some time in manuscript, and received with all the applause it so justly merited. Amongst the rest of the fashionable world, Lady Cobham, who resided at Stoke-Pogis, and to whom the mansion-house and park belonged, had read and admired it. Wishing to be acquainted with the author, her relation Miss Speed, and Lady Schaub then at her house, undertook to bring this about, by making him the first visit. He had been accustomed to spend his summer vacations from Cambridge, at the house occupied by Mrs. Rogers his aunt, whither his mother and her sister, Miss Antrobus, had also retired, situated at the entrance upon Stoke Common, called West End, and about a mile from the manor house. He happened to be from home when the ladies arrived at the sequestered habitation, and when he returned, was not a little surprised to find, written on one of his papers in the parlour, the following note: "Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray; she is sorry not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown is very well." Such a compliment necessitated him to return the visit; and as the beginning of the acquaintance seemed to have a romantic character, he very soon composed the following ludicrous account of the adventure, for the amusement of the ladies in question, which he entitled, "*A LONG STORY.*"

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands *:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands

* In the 16th century, the house belonged to the Earls of

To raise the ceiling's fretted height*,
Each pannel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper† led the brawls‡;
The seals and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your history whither are you spinning!
Can you do nothing but describe?

Huntingdon, and to the family of Hatton. On the death of Lady Cobham, 1760, the estate was purchased from her executors by the late Hon. Thomas Penn, Lord Proprietary of Pennsylvania: his son, the present John Penn, Esq. finding the interior of the ancient mansion in a state of considerable decay, it was taken down in the year 1789, with the exception of a wing, which was preserved, partly for the sake of its effect as a ruin, harmonizing with the church-yard, the poet's house, and the surrounding scenery.

* The style of building called Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects, the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic manners of the time with equal truth and humour.

† Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.

‡ Brawls were figure-dances then in fashion.

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France*,
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other amazon† kind heav'n
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her,
Melissa is her "nom de guerre."
Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour;
And veil'd their weapons, bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. Purt‡,
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a poet;

* The Lady's husband, Sir Luke Schaub, had been ambassador at Paris some years before.

† Miss Harriet Speed, Lady C.'s relation, afterwards married to the Count de Viry, Sardinian Envoy at the court of London.

‡ The Rev. Mr. Purt, tutor to the Duke of Bridgwater, then at Eton school.

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
  Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
  And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition,
  Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
  To rid the manor of such vermin *.

The heroines undertook the task,
  Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd †,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
  But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
  They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
  And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle:

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
  Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
  And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

* Henry the Fourth, in the fourth year of his reign, issued out the following *commission* against this species of *vermin*:—"And it is enacted, that no master-*rimour*, *minstrel*, or *other vagabond*, be in any wise sustained in the land of Wales, to make commoiths, or gatherings upon the people there."

† The walk from Stoke old mansion, to the house occupied by the poet's family, is peculiarly retired. The house is the property of Captain Salter, and it has belonged to his family for many generations. It is a charming spot for a summer residence, but has undergone great alterations and improvements since Gray gave it up in 1758.

Into the drawers and china pry,
  Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie*,
  Or, creased, like dog's-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
  The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
  To a small closet in the garden.

So rumour says: (who will, believe?)
  But that they left the door ajar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
  He heard the distant din of war.

* There is a very great similarity between the style of part of this poem, and Prior's Tale of the 'Dove:' as for instance in the following stanzas, which Gray must have had in his mind at the time.

"With one great peal they rap the door,
  Like footmen on a visiting day:
Folks at her house at such an hour,
  Lord! what will all the neighbours say?
* * * * * * *

"Her keys he takes, her door unlocks,
  Through wardrobe and through closet bounces,
Peeps into every chest and box,
  Turns all her furbelows and flounces.
* * * * * * *

"I marvel much, she smiling said,
  Your poultry cannot yet be found:
Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
  Or may be in the tea-pot drown'd."

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of magic was no fable
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table*.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the great house,
He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a blush on recollection,
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sat, the culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery† stand peeping:

* The *note* which the ladies left upon the table.

† The music-gallery, which overlooked the hall.

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Tyacke* has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stood sentry†:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peeress comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fene'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of Squib‡,
And all that Groom‡ could urge against him.

* The housekeeper. Her name which has hitherto, in ALL editions of Gray's Poems, been written Styack, is corrected from her grave-stone in the church-yard, and the accounts of contemporary persons in the parish. *Housekeepers* are usually styled Mrs.; the final s, doubtless, caused the name to be misapprehended and mispelt.

† The old chapel, the door of which was at the opposite extremity of the hall.

‡ The former has hitherto been styled *groom* of the chamber, and the latter *steward*, but the legend on a grave-stone, *close to Tyacke's*, is to the memory of *William* Groom, and appears to offer evidence that Gray mistook the *name* of the one for the *office* of the other.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor Macleane*,

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
"How in the park beneath an old tree,
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry),

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
Yet hop'd, that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

The ghostly prudes with hagged face
Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My lady rose, and with a grace—
She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

"Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
Why, what can the viscountess mean?
(Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget)
The times are alter'd quite and clean!

"Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability!
Speak to a commoner and poet!"

[*Here five hundred stanzas are lost.*]

* A famous highwayman hanged the week before.

And so God save our noble king,
  And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
  And keep my lady from her rubbers*.

* See a Sequel to the Long Story, in Hakewill's History of Windsor, by John Penn, Esq., and a farther Sequel to that, by the late laureate, H. J. Pye, Esq.

Anecdotes of the personages commemorated in the Long Story, while they continued to live in the same society, furnish a natural appendix to that lively narrative. Of these, it would have appeared preferable to select such as related to the short period which immediately succeeded it; and which preceded the death of the Poet's mother in 1753, so much deplored by him. None, however, can be at present known. We have indeed some account of one of the principal personages in the year 1752, in another society; and it appears from the following passage, in a letter of Mrs. Montagu, of that date, that the lady had then admitted the attention and homage of her future husband. "I wish the fair shepherdess (Miss Speed) a happy meeting with her Pastor Fido, at the next masquerade, for I think it more probable she will meet him there, than under the shady 'oak, or spreading beech.'" But, whether it be owing to the charms of this new and favoured lover on her leisure hours, or to any disposition of reserve, of which the letter of Gray in answer to Mr. Walpole (vide Orford's Works, vol. v. p. 392), seems to convey a proof, or to other causes, the little information that can now be gleaned relative to the society of Stoke in those times, is due to the recollections and friendly communication of Admiral Sir John T. Duckworth, K. B.; whose respected father became vicar of this place in the year 1756. This distinguished officer says, that he and his elder brother at that time, when they were about eight or ten years of age, were regularly and frequently invited, with their father and mother, to dine at "the Great House," the presence of youthful

company being no-wise unwelcome in the cheerful circle. He likewise remembers, that he was then used to accompany his father in his visits to Mr. Gray and his aunt, Mrs. Rogers, at West End; that he has often been at home when those visits were returned; and that on these occasions, the author of the Ode to Eton College would frequently take pleasure in gratifying the young Etonian by the gift of a shilling, or half a crown; "which (adds the gallant admiral) was at that time no inconsiderable present." But a circumstance, which, from its singularity, made a stronger impression upon his mind than even this claim upon his gratitude, affords a substantial proof that the social ease, from which the ghostly female champions of false decorum, a few years before, had inferred a lamentable decay of manners, had undergone no change that could give them cause for triumph. He relates that he has "*more than once*" been an eye witness of the potent effect wrought by the exuberant spirits of the "*witty amazon*," in prevailing upon the poet, instead of being conducted by a muse, or mounted on his Pegasus, to trust himself to her guidance, along the parish lanes, in a butcher's cart; which unusual spectacle could hardly have failed to stir the surprise and surmises of "*the ploughman*," yet delaying "homeward to plod his weary way." We may conclude from this frolic, that the policy which determined "the first marching of the troops," proceeded from no cause more probable than from her hostility to the stern character of "the drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary." On the other hand, it must be confessed that the poet thus gave ample proof of the sincerity of his ejaculation, "Alas! who would not wish to please her!" But that his gallantry had no deeper root than the complaisance of friendship he seems to proclaim, not only in his letter to Mr. Walpole, but in another to Dr. Wharton, written shortly after the incident of the Long Story. "My heart," says he, "is no less yours than it has long been; and the last thing in the world that will throw it into tumult is *a fine lady*. Another erroneous surmise of the same nature might be formed on hearing (what nevertheless is true) that the beautiful *rondeau* which appears in the latter editions of his works,

was inspired by "the wish to please" this lady. The fact is, however, that it was produced (and probably about this time) on a request she made to the poet one day, when he was in company with Mr. Walpole, that she might possess something from his pen, written on the subject of *love*. We collect from the Memoirs by Mason, that the society of neighbourhood between the lady and the poet must have closed about the year 1758, at which time the death of his aunt, Mrs. Rogers, determined the final departure of the latter from Stoke. A circumstance connected with that occasion contributes some evidence of the general activity of his mind. The Rev. Mr. Duckworth, who held the living of Stoke until his death in the year 1794, remarked that the difficulty experienced by Gray in relinquishing the tenure of the premises to which he had succeeded, and from the concern of which he was anxious to relieve himself, was finally surmounted by means of his own knowledge of law.

The local poems by which Gray has impressed a classical stamp upon Stoke are, *The Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, *The Long Story*, both written in 1750, and his *Ode to Eton College*, written before, in the year 1742; in which year were also written the *Ode to Spring*, the *Hymn to Adversity*, and the *Sonnet on the Death of Mr. West*, (the first certainly, and the two last probably) at Stoke.

It was in the year 1780 that (Miss Speed, now) Countess de Viry enabled the lover of poetry to see in print the *Rondeau*, and another small amatory poem of Gray, called Thyrsis, by presenting them to the Rev. Mr. Leman, of Suffolk, while on a visit at her castle in Savoy. She died there in 1783.

POSTHUMOUS

POEMS AND FRAGMENTS.

ODE

ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM

VICISSITUDE.

Left unfinished by Mr. Gray. With additions by Mr. Mason, distinguished by inverted commas.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:

But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapt'rous choir among;
Hark! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the gen'ral song:
"Warm let the lyric transport flow,
"Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
"And animates the vernal grove
"With health, with harmony, and love."

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While hope prolongs our happier hour
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower,
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
  See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that misery treads,
  Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has toss'd
  On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
  And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell,
  Near the source whence pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
  And tastes it as it goes.
'While' far below the 'madding' crowd
'Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,'
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
'And' perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where indolence, and pride,
  'Sooth'd by flattery's tinkling sound,'
Go, softly rolling, side by side,
  Their dull but daily round:

'To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine joy?

'Mark ambition's march sublime
Up to power's meridian height;
While pale-eyed envy sees him climb,
And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of danger, death, and dread,
Float hourly round ambition's head;
While spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

'Happier he, the peasant, far,
From the pangs of passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of rugged penury.
He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noontide sun;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

'He, unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear Vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.'

TRANSLATION

OF

A PASSAGE FROM STATIUS.

THEB. LIB. VI. VER. 704—724.

This translation, which Gray sent to West, consisted of about a hundred and ten lines. Mr. Mason selected twenty-seven lines, which he published, as Gray's first attempt in English verse.

THIRD in the labours of the disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fired by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Braced all his nerves, and every sinew strung,
Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursued his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.

The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.—
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

Cambridge,
May 8, 1736.

FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY,

DESIGNED BY MR. GRAY,

ON THE SUBJECT OF

THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA.

"The Britannicus of Mr. Racine, I know, was one of Mr. Gray's most favourite plays; and the admirable manner in which I have heard him say he saw it represented at Paris, seems to have led him to choose the death of Agrippina for his first and only effort in the drama. The execution of it also, as far as it goes, is so very much in Racine's taste, that I suspect, if that great poet had been born an Englishman, he would have written precisely in the same style and manner. However, as there is at present in this nation a general prejudice against declamatory plays, I agree with a learned friend, who perused the manuscript, that this fragment will be little relished by the many; yet the admirable strokes of nature and character with which it abounds, and the majesty of its diction, prevent me from withholding from the few, who I expect will relish it, so great a curiosity (to call it nothing more) as part of a tragedy written by Mr. Gray. These persons well know, that till style and sentiment be a little more regarded, mere action and passion will never secure reputation to the author, whatever they may do to the actor. It is the business of the one, 'to strut and fret his hour upon the stage;' and if he frets and struts enough, he is sure to

find his reward in the plaudit of an upper gallery; but the other ought to have some regard to the cooler judgment of the closet: for I will be bold to say, that if Shakspeare himself had not written a multitude of passages which please there as much as they do on the stage, his reputation would not stand so universally high as it does at present. Many of these passages, to the shame of our theatrical taste, are omitted constantly in the representation: but I say not this from conviction that the mode of writing, which Mr. Gray pursued, is the best for dramatic purposes. I think myself, what I have asserted elsewhere, that a medium between the French and English taste would be preferable to either; and yet this medium, if hit with the greatest nicety, would fail of success on our theatre, and that for a very obvious reason. Actors (I speak of the troop collectively) must all learn to speak as well as act, in order to do justice to such a drama.

"But let me hasten to give the reader what little insight I can into Mr. Gray's plan, as I find and select it from two detached papers. The Title and Dramatis Personæ are as follow:"

MASON.

AGRIPPINA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGRIPPINA, the Empress-mother.
NERO, the Emperor.
POPPÆA, believed to be in love with OTHO.
OTHO, a young man of quality, in love with POPPÆA.
SENECA, the Emperor's Preceptor.
ANICETUS, Captain of the Guards.
DEMETRIUS, the Cynic, friend to SENECA.
ACERONIA, Confidant to AGRIPPINA.

SCENE, the Emperor's villa at Baiæ.

" The argument drawn out by him, in these two papers, under the idea of a plot and under-plot, I shall here unite; as it will tend to show that the action itself was possessed of sufficient unity.

" The drama opens with the indignation of Agrippina, at receiving her son's orders, from Anicetus to remove from Baiæ, and to have her guard taken from her. At this time Otho having conveyed Poppæa from the house of her husband Rufus Crispinus, brings her to Baiæ, where he means to conceal her among the crowd; or, if his fraud is discovered, to have recourse to the Emperor's authority; but, knowing the lawless temper of Nero, he determines not to have re-

course to that expedient but on the utmost necessity. In the mean time he commits her to the care of Anicetus, whom he takes to be his friend, and in whose age he thinks he may safely confide. Nero is not yet come to Baiæ: but Seneca, whom he sends before him, informs Agrippina of the accusation concerning Rubellius Plancus, and desires her to clear herself, which she does briefly: but demands to see her son, who, on his arrival, acquits her of all suspicion, and restores her to honours. In the meanwhile, Anicetus, to whose care Poppæa had been entrusted by Otho, contrives the following plot to ruin Agrippina: he betrays his trust to Otho, and brings Nero, as it were by chance, to the sight of the beautiful Poppæa; the Emperor is immediately struck with her charms, and she, by a feigned resistance, increases his passion: though, in reality, she is from the first dazzled with the prospect of empire, and forgets Otho: she therefore joins with Anicetus in his design of ruining Agrippina, soon perceiving that it will be for her interest. Otho hearing that the Emperor had seen Poppæa, is much enraged; but not knowing that this interview was obtained through the treachery of Anicetus, is readily persuaded by him to see Agrippina in secret, and acquaint her with his fears that her son Nero would marry Poppæa. Agrippina, to support her own power, and to wean the Emperor from the love of Poppæa, gives Otho encouragement, and promises to support him. Anicetus secretly introduces Nero to hear their discourse; who resolves immediately on his mother's death, and, by Anicetus's means, to destroy her by drowning. A solemn feast, in honour of their reconciliation, is to be made; after which she being to go by sea to Bauli, the ship is so contrived as to sink or crush her; she escapes by accident, and returns to Baiæ. In this interval Otho has an interview with Poppæa; and being duped a second time by Anicetus and her, determines to fly with her into Greece, by means of a vessel which is to be furnished by Anicetus; but he, pretending to remove Poppæa on board in the night, conveys her to Nero's apartment: she then encourages and determines Nero

to banish Otho, and finish the horrid deed he had attempted on his mother. Anicetus undertakes to execute his resolves; and, under pretence of a plot upon the Emperor's life, is sent with a guard to murder Agrippina, who is still at Baiæ in imminent fear, and irresolute how to conduct herself. The account of her death, and the Emperor's horror and fruitless remorse, finishes the drama." MASON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

AGRIPPINA. ACERONIA.

AGRIPPINA.

'Tis well, begone! your errand is perform'd:
[*Speaks as to* Anicetus *entering.*
The message needs no comment. Tell your master,
His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:
Alone, unguarded and without a lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, she retired to Antium; there to tend
Her household cares, a woman's best employment.
What if you add, how she turn'd pale and trembled;
You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,
And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'd it?
(Go! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,
And please the stripling. Yet 'twould dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth: at least there are who know
Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire

A thousand haughty hearts, unus'd to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lur'd with smiles
To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board: they are aware
Of th' unpledg'd bowl, they love not aconite.

ACERONIA.

He's gone: and much I hope these walls alone
And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
In haughty youth, and irritated power.

AGRIPPINA.

And dost thou talk to me, to me, of danger,
Of haughty youth and irritated power,
To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
To aim the forked bolt; while he stood trembling,
Scar'd at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness?
'Tis like thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
To adoration, to the grateful steam
Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood
Of Agrippina's race, he liv'd unknown
To fame, or fortune; haply eyed at distance
Some edileship, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dar'd
On expectation's strongest wing to soar
High as the consulate, that empty shade

Of long-forgotten liberty: when I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
Show'd him where empire tower'd, and bade him strike
The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
To shrink from danger: fear might then have worn
The mask of prudence; but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
If bright ambition from her craggy seat
Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous honour.

ACERONIA.

Through various life I have pursued your steps,
Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring:
Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.
I well remember too (for I was present)
When in a secret and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers,
That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your son: their answer was,
If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried) the mother! reign the son!
He reigns, the rest is heav'n's; who oft has bade,
Ev'n when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,

Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
The sweets of kindness lavishly indulg'd
Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures
That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway:
These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.

AGRIPPINA.

Thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
And tremble at the phantom I have raised?
Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
Perchance may heed them: tell him too, that one
Who had such liberal power to give, may still
With equal power resume that gift, and raise
A tempest that shall shake her own creation
To its original atoms—tell me! say
This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
Sweat under iron harness? Is he not,
The silken son of dalliance, nurs'd in ease
And pleasure's flow'ry lap?—Rubellius lives,

And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
To bow the supple knee, and court the times
With shows of fair obeisance; and a call,
Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions
Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house.

ACERONIA.

Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
I might remind my mistress that her nod
Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader: these, by ties confirm'd,
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
Have not forgot your sire: the eye of Rome,
And the Prætorian camp have long rever'd,
With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.

AGRIPPINA.

Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great revenge shall rise; or say we sound
The trump of liberty; there will not want,
Even in the servile senate, ears to own
Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
And Cassius; Vetus too, and Thrasea,

Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
And shake them at the name of liberty,
Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
As there were magic in it? Wrinkled beldams
Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.
  Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may!
Again the buried genius of old Rome
Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
Rous'd by the shout of millions: there before
His high tribunal thou and I appear.
Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
And lighten from thy eye: around thee call
The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
Of thy full favour; Seneca be there
In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
The world, the prize; and fair befall the victors.
  But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
In threats unexecuted? Haste thee, fly
These hated walls that seem to mock my shame,
And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

ACERONIA.

Tis time to go, the sun is high advanc'd,
And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Baiæ.

AGRIPPINA.

My thought aches at him; not the basilisk
More deadly to the sight than is to me
The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
Before he sees me.

ACERONIA.

Why then stays my sovereign,
Where he so soon may—

AGRIPPINA.

Yes, I will begone,
But not to Antium—all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd; things, that but whisper'd
Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
His eyes in fearful ecstacy: no matter
What: so't be strange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.
And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Ensbrin'd Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,

If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dang'rous fire.
Oh say—she hears me not, but careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
Goddess! awake, arise, alas my fears!
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?
Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
And all was ignorance, and all was night.
Oh! sacred age! Oh! times for ever lost!
(The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's boast.)
For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.
High on her car, behold the grandam ride
Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;
* * * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend

* * * * * *

THE

ALLIANCE

OF

EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A Fragment.

" Instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural history, why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophic poem of which he has left such an exquisite specimen?" GIBBON.

ESSAY I.

——— Πὶτυ' ὦ γαθέ· τὰν γαῖ ἀοιδὰν
Ὄυτι πω εἰς Ἀΐδαν γε τὸν εκελιάδοντα φυλαξεῖς.
THEOCRITUS, ID. I. 63.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blosoms to the churlish skies

So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
How rude soe'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all, the kind, impartial heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
Th' event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?

Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep:
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-ey'd myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue;
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendant vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands;
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains, and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves, and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?

Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends th' inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth:
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit, what by strength they gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,

If with advent'rous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide

* * * * * * *

[The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the Alliance of Education and Government, is much too beautiful to be lost. MASON.

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.

Mr. Bentley had made a set of designs for Mr. Gray's Poems, particularly a head-piece to the Long Story. The original drawings are in the library at Strawberry Hill.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleas'd, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought
To local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy 'impart;'
And as their pleasing influence 'flows confest,'
A sigh of soft reflection 'heaves the heart.'

* * * * * * * * *

SKETCH

OF

HIS OWN CHARACTER.

WRITTEN IN 1761,

AND FOUND IN ONE OF HIS POCKET BOOKS.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No very great wit, he believ'd in a God:
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire*.

* *Squire*] At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

AMATORY LINES.

This jeu d'esprit first appeared in Warton's Edition of Pope.

With beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish—
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish:
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning—
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected—
Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!
Ah, say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befell me?
They smile, but reply not—Sure Delia will tell me!

SONG.

Written, at the request of Miss Speed, to an old air of Geminiani:—the thought from the French.

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
Ere the spring he would return—
Ah! what means yon violet flower!
And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!

Idle notes!—untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
Speak not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

TOPHET.

AN EPIGRAM.

Mr. Etough, of Cambridge University, the person satirized, was as remarkable for the eccentricities of his character, as for his personal appearance. Mr. Tyson, of Bene't College, made an etching of his head, and presented it to Mr. Gray, who embellished it with the following lines. Mr. Etough was rector of Therfield, Herts, and of Colmworth, Bedfordshire.

THUS Tophet look'd; so grinn'd the brawling fiend,
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd and call'd him friend.
Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte;
Hosannas rung through hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

IMPROMPTU.

Suggested by a view of the Seat and *Ruins* of a deceased nobleman, at Kingsgate, Kent, in 1766. (The house was built as a correct imitation of Cicero's Formian Villa, at Baiæ.)

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here Holland form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had Bute been true,
Nor M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had bless'd our view,
And realiz'd the beauties which we feign:

"Purg'd by the sword, and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

THE CANDIDATE:

OR,

THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.

This tart lampoon was written a short time previous to the election of a high-steward of the University of Cambridge, for which office the noble lord alluded to made an active canvass.

WHEN sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg'd up his face,
With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,
A wooing he went, where three sisters of old
In harmless society guttle and scold.
"Lord! sister," says Physic to Law, "I declare,
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air!
Not I for the Indies:—You know I'm no prude,
But his name is a shame, and his eyes are so lewd!
Then he shambles and straddles so oddly—I fear—
No—at our time of life 'twould be silly, my dear."
"I don't know," says Law, "but methinks for his look,
'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book;
Then his character, Phyzzy,—his morals,—his life—
When she died, I can't tell, but he once had a wife.
They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and w——g,
And all the town rings of his swearing and roaring!

His lying and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks;—
Not I—for a coronet, chariot and six."
  Divinity heard, between waking and dozing,
Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing:
From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,
She stroked up her belly, and stroked down her band—
"What a pother is here about wenching and roaring!
Why, David lov'd catches, and Solomon w——g:
Did not Israel filch from th' Egyptians of old
Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold?
The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie:
He drinks—so did Noah;—he swears—so do I:
To reject him for such peccadillos, were odd;
Besides, he repents—for he talks about G**—
[*To* Jemmy]
Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf,
Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. Twitcher myself."

* * * * * * * * *

POEMATA.

HYMENEAL

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Printed in the Cambridge Collection, 1736.

IGNARÆ nostrûm mentes, et inertia corda,
Dum curas regum, et sortem miseramur iniquam,
Quæ solio affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ
Dulci, quæ dono divûm, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat æstus;
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ:

Scilicet ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
Dura rudimenta, et violentæ exordia flammæ;
Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum sub pectore vulnus;

Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratia sedem,
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
Regibus huc faciles aditus; communia spernunt
Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis
Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima Templi.

Tuque Oh! Angliacis, Princeps, spes optima regnis,
Ne tantum, ne finge metum: quid imagine captus
Hæres, et mentem pictura pascis inani?
Umbram miraris: nec longum tempus, et ipsa
Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem,
Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque
Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virgidis ore:
Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam;
Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore
Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt:
Ipse animo sedenim juvenis comitatur euntem
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat,
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia; pectus
Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido;
Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
Latior effundi pontus, fluctusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit;
At citius (precor) Oh! cedas melioribus astris:
Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam;
Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras:
Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cupido
Accedant sternantque toros, ignemque ministrent;
Ilicet haud pictæ incandescit imagine formæ
Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venustam
Pygmaliona canunt: ante hanc suspiria ducit,
Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera narrat;
Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum,
Fœmineam inspirans animam; quæ gaudia surgunt,
Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
Luctari in vitam, et paulatim volvere ocellos
Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ;
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburneæ.

Tho. Gray, Pet. Coll.

SAPPHIC ODE.

TO MR. WEST.

Mr. Mason considered this as the first original production of Gray's Muse; the former poem being imposed as an exercise, by the College.

BARBARAS ædes aditure mecum
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen!

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem
Sic libris horas, tenuique inertes
Fallere Musâ?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam,
Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
Cedere nocti;

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnassum videor videre
Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni
Fonte Aganippen.

Risit et Ver me, facilesque Nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
Manè quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura:

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
Quà leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenuere, cœlum
Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favonî
Purior hora:

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
Mollior æstas).

Namque, seu, lætos hominum labores
Prataque et montes recreante curru,
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris: amœniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne
Pingere Calpen;

Usque dum, fulgore magis magis jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridisque in umbras
Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere Letho!

Multa flagranti radiisque cincto
Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus.

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

O LACRYMARUM fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEST, FROM GENOA.

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæque linquens
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
Litora soles.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF THE PLAINS WHERE THE BATTLE OF TREBIA WAS FOUGHT.

Qua Trebie glaucas salices intersecat undâ,
  Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
  Et suspirantes ducere mœstus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbescere turmæ,
  Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fugâ.

CARMEN

AD

C. FAVONIUM ZEPHYRINUM.

Written immediately after his journey to Frescati and the cascades of Tivoli, which he had described in a preceding letter to his friend Mr. West.

MATER rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favoni, cui Venus it comes
Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem
Amat sub umbrâ, seu sinit aureum
Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
Pierio Zephyrinus antro
Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
Dilecta Fauno, et capripedum choris
Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax
Quæcunque per clivos volutus
Præcipiti tremefecit amne,

Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Audîsse sylvas nomen amabiles,
Illius et gratas Latinis
Naisin ingeminâsse rupes;
Nam me Latinæ Naides uvidâ
Vidêre ripâ, quâ niveas levi
Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
Dulcè canens Venusinus ales;
Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
Sacrique fontes, et retinent adhuc
(Sic Musa jussit) saxa molles
Docta modos, veteresque lauri.
Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
Amœna, jucundumque ver in-
compositum docuere carmen;
Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea lucî (credite) somnia,
Argutiusque et lympha et auræ
Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

FRAGMENT OF A LATIN POEM

ON

THE GAURUS.

Sent by Mr. Gray to his friend West, with a reference to Sandys's Travels, book iv. pages 275, 277, and 278.

Nec procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Tristior ille diu, et veteri desuetus olivâ
Gaurus, pampineæque eheu jam nescius umbræ;
Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.
Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura silebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas:
Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt; tremit excita tuto
Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
At subitò se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
Pandere sub pedibus, nigrâque voragine fauces;
Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.

Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longè
Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
Ah, miser! increpitans sæpè altâ voce per umbram
Nequicquam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
Respectans notasque domos, et dulcia regna,
Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
Lumine percussum, et pallentes sulphure campos,
Fumumque, flammasque, rotataque turbine saxa.
Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cœlo;
Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
(Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctûs)
Unà colligere et justâ componere in urnâ.
Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum.
(Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura videbunt.
Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat;
Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemque favillâ
Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor
Subjectum, stragemque suam, mæsta arva, minaci
Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.
Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Pastorum resonare; adeò undique dirus habebat
Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes.
Sæpius et longè detorquens navita proram

Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.
Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aspera saxis:
Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
Quæ nascenti aderat; seu fortè bituminis atri
Defluxere olìm rivi, atque effœta lacuna
Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat;
Sive in vlsceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
(Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ
Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.
Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi
Canescentem oleam: longum post tempus amicti
Vite virent tumuli; patriamque revisere gaudens
Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

A

FAREWELŁ TO FLORENCE.

* * Oh Fæsulæ amœna
Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris!
Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini
Esse dedit, glaucâque suâ canescere sylvâ!
Non ego vos posthàc Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta coronâ
Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupressus
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

IMITATION

OF

AN ITALIAN SONNET,

OF SIGNIOR ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

Spesso Amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde:
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno, e col rancor.
In Pietade ei si trasforma;
Par trastullo, e par dispetto:
Mà nel suo diverso aspetto
Sempr' egli, è l' istesso Amor.

Lusit amicitiæ interdum velatus amictu,
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit Amor.
Mox iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas:
Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti;
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

ALCAIC ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE, IN DAUPHINY, AUGUST, 1741.

Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
  Nativa nam certè fluenta
    Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
  Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
    Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quàm si repostus sub trabe citreâ
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
  Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
    Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
  Vetat volentem, me resorbens
    In medios violenta fluctus:
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
  Tutumque vulgari tumultu
    Surripias, hominumque curis.

LUNA HABITABILIS.

This copy of verses was written by desire of the College, in 1737. It has been printed in the "Musæ Etonenses," vol. ii. p. 107; but has not there the name of the author.

Dum Nox rorantes, non incomitata per auras
Urget equos, tacitoque inducit sidera lapsu;
Ultima, sed nulli soror inficianda sororum,
Huc mihi, Musa; tibi patet alti janua cœli,
Astra vides, nec te numeri, nec nomina fallunt.
Huc mihi, Diva veni; dulce est per aperta serena
Vere frui liquido, campoque errare silenti;
Vere frui dulce est; modo tu dignata petentem
Sis comes, et mecum gelidâ spatiere sub umbrâ.
Scilicèt hos orbes, cœli hæc decora alta putandum est,
Noctis opes, nobis tantum lucere; virûmque
Ostentari oculis, nostræ laquearia terræ,
Ingentes scenas, vastique aulæa theatri?
Oh! quis me pennis æthræ super ardua sistet
Mirantem, propiusque dabit convexa tueri;
Teque adeo, undè fluens reficit lux mollior arva,
Pallidiorque dies, tristes solata tenebras?

Sic ego, subridens Dea sic ingressa vicissim:
Non pennis opus hìc, supera ut simul illa petamus:
Disce, Puer, potiùs cœlo deducere Lunam;
Neu crede ad magicas te invitum accingier artes,
Thessalicosve modos; ipsam descendere Phœben
Conspicies novus Endymion; seque offeret ultrò
Visa tibi ante oculos, et notâ major imago.
Quin tete admoveas (tumuli super aggere spectas),
Compositum tubulo; simul imum invade canalem
Sic intentâ acie, cœli simul alta patescent
Atria; jamque, ausus Lunaria visere regna,
Ingredière solo, et caput inter nubila condes.
Ecce autem! vitri se in vertice sistere Phœben
Cernis, et Oceanum, et crebris Freta consita terris
Panditur *ille* atram faciem caligine condens
Sublustri; refugitque oculos, fallitque tuentem;
Integram Solis lucem quippè haurit aperto
Fluctu avidus radiorum, et longos imbibit ignes:
Verum *his*, quæ, maculis variata nitentibus, auro
Cœrula discernunt, celso sese insula dorso
Plurima protrudit, prætentaque littora saxis;
Liberior datur his quoniàm natura, minusque
Lumen depascunt liquidum; sed tela diei
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Hinc longos videas tractus, terrasque jacentes
Ordine candenti, et claros se attollere montes;
Montes queîs Rhodope assurgat, quibus Ossa nivali
Vertice: tum scopulis infrà pendentibus antra
Nigrescunt clivorùm umbrâ, nemorumque tenebris.
Non rores illi, aut desunt sua nubila mundo;
Non frigus gelidum, atque herbis gratissimus imber;
His quoque nota ardet picto Thaumantias arcu,
Os roseum Auroræ, propriique crepuscula cœli.

Et dubitas tantum certis cultoribus orbem
Destitui? exercent agros, sua mœnia condunt
Hi quoque, vel Martem invadunt, curantque triumphos
Victores: sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi;
His metus, atque amor, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Quîn, uti nos oculis jam nunc juvat ire per arva,
Lucentesque plagas Lunæ, pontumque profundum;
Idem illos etiàm ardor agit, cum se aureus effert
Sub sudum globus, et terrarum ingentior orbis;
Scilicèt omne æquor tum lustrant, scilicèt omnem
Tellurem, gentesque polo sub utroque jacentes;
Et quidam æstivi indefessus ad ætheris ignes
Pervigilat, noctem exercens, cœlumque fatigat;
Jam Galli apparent, jam se Germania latè
Tollit, et albescens pater Apenninus ad auras;
Jam tandem in Borean, en! parvulus Anglia nævus
(Quanquam aliis longè fulgentior) extulit oras;
Formosum extemplò lumen, maculamque nitentem
Invisunt crebri Proceres, serùmque tuendo;
Hærent, certatimque suo cognomine signant:
Forsitan et Lunæ longinquus in orbe Tyrannus
Se dominum vocat, et nostrâ se jactat in aulâ.
Terras possim alias propiori sole calentes
Narrare, atque alias, jubaris queîs parcior usus,
Lunarum chorus, et tenuis penuria Phœbi;
Nî, meditans eadem hæc audaci evolvere cantu,
Jam pulset citharam soror, et præludia tentet.
Non tamen has proprias laudes, nec facta silebo
Jampridèm in fatis, patriæque oracula famæ.
Tempus erit, sursùm totos contendere cœtus
Quo cernes longo excursu, primosque colonos

Migrare in lunam, et notos mutare Penates:
Dum stupet obtutu tacito vetus incola, longèque
Insolitas explorat aves, classemquè volantem.
Ut quondàm ignotum marmor, camposque natantes
Tranavit Zephyros visens, nova regna, Columbus;
Litora mirantur circùm, mirantur et undæ
Inclusas acies ferro, turmasque biformes,
Monstraque fœta armis, et non imitabile fulmen.
Fœdera mox icta, et gemini commercia mundi,
Agminaque assueto glomerata sub æthere oerno.
Anglia, quæ pelagi jamdudum torquet habenas,
Exercetque frequens ventos, atque imperat undæ;
Aëris attollet fasces, veteresque triumphos
Hùc etiam feret, et victis dominabitur auris.

PART OF

AN HEROIC EPISTLE,

FROM SOPHONISBA TO MASINISSA.

Egregium accipio promissi Munus amoris,
Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel unâ;
Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.
Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Masinissa, triumphi
Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ

Imputat, atque uxor quòd non tua pressa catenis,
Objecta et sævæ plausibus urbis eo:
Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiæ!
Scipiadæ excuses, oro, si tardius utar
Munere. Non nimiùm vivere, crede, velim.
Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama requirit:
Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam.
Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,
Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
Gaudiaque heu! quantis nostra repensa malis.
Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias?
(Laudis at antiquæ forsan meminisse pigebit,
Quodque decus, quondam causa ruboris erit.)
Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pœnis
Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis;
Mœniaque intrantem vidi: longo agmine duxit
Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color!
Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam,
Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.
Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,
Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas,
(Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)

In me (vel certè visum est) conversa morari
Sensi; virgineus perculit ora pudor.
Nescio quid vultum molle spirare tuendo,
Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes.
Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,
Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:
Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,
Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi:
Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor,
Somnus habet pompas, eademque re cursat imago;
Atque iterum hesterno munere victor ades.

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DIDACTIC POEM,

UNFINISHED:

ENTITLED,

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER PRIMUS. AD FAVONIUM.

UNDE Animus scire incipiat: quibus inchoet orsa
Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
Mnemosyne: Ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium; et primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes.
Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,
O decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!

Si quà primus iter monstras, vestigia conor
Signare incertâ, tremulâque insistere plantâ.
Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum
Ad limen (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)
Obscuræ reserans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
Pande, Pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia Mentis.
Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favonî,
(Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice carmen,
Nec vatem: non illa leves primordia motus, [quid
Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quic-
Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec surgit ad auras,
Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secundent.
Hinc variæ vitaï artes, ac mollior usus,
Dulce et amicitiæ vinclum: Sapientia dia
Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,
Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:
Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.
Illa etiam, quæ te (mirùm) noctesque diesque
Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem
Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes;
Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine Musa.
Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
Sublimes animas; tenebroso in carcere partem
Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno:
Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.
Idcircò innumero ductu tremere undique fibras

Nervorum instituit: tum toto corpore miscens
Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,
Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
Perfluit; assiduè externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motûs,
Hinc indè accensâ contage relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.
Namque illìc posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
Mens animi: hanc circum coëunt, densoque feruntur
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum:
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.
Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamisis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
Euphratesque, Tagusque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in antro
Excipit Oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dona recognoscit venientûm, ultròque serenat
Cæruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
Haud aliter species properant sè inferre novellæ
Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.
Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus: amplius ille
Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis,
Visceribusque habitat totis, pellìsque recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per stamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;

Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfusus adhuc: tactus tamen aura lacessit
Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque calorem
Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
Impete inassuetos artus: tum sævior adstat
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustrà et tremulo multa ore querentem
Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.
Tum species primùm patefacta est candida Lucis
(Usque vices adeò Natura bonique, malique,
Exæquat, justâque manu sua damna rependit)
Tum primùm, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina soles.
Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli
Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna?
Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
Formarumque chorus sequitur, motusque decentes.
At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidinis ora,
Pervigilesque æstus Curarum, atque anxius Angor:
Undique lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.
Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ se pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis:
Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes;

Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,
Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Extemplo hùc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos
Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.
Altior huic verò sensu, majorque videtur
Addita, Judicioque arctè connexa potestas,
Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,
Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
Lumina conjurant inter se, et mutua fulgent.
Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insita virtus,
Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit ostia pulsu
Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurset:
Scilicet Eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare
Repperit, et quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipse canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.
At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
Gustus habet, quà se insinuet jacunda saporum
Luxuries, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.
Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaïa quales
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant
Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesperis horâ
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.
Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arci

Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra reclusit;
Haud solas: namque intùs agit vivata facultas,
Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repentè
Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissìm
Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.
Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,
Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
Unà inferre gradus, unà succedere sylvæ
Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.
Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum
Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.
Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia nôrunt;
Hæ privos servant aditus; sine legibus illæ
Passìm, quà data porta, ruunt, animoque propinquant.
Respice, cui à cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,
Sæva et in eternas mersit natura tenebras:
Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique
Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu:
Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua duplex,
Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.

Undique proporrò socias, quacunque patescit
Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur
Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
Terribiles visu, et portâ glomerantur in omni.
Nec vario minus introïtu magnum ingruit Illud,
Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circùm
Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire
Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.
Nunc age quo valeat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
Exsequar. Imprimis spatii quam multa per æquor
Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis,
Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
Amplecti, nedum propriùs deprendere sensu,
Moles egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
Ulla nec orarum circumcæsura coërcet.
Hæc conjuncta adeò totâ compage fatetur
Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum,
(Si rebus datur extremum) primordio. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.
Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles;
Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ
Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministrâ
Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque superne

Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
Auditûs queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
Cominùs interdum non ullo interprete per sé
Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

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LIBER QUARTUS.

Hactenus haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris,
Linquis, et æternam fati te condis in umbram!
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallascere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles:
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!
At Tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctûs

Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruere; atque ô si secura, nec ūltra
Mortalis, notos olìm miserata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
Contemplêre, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus
Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo; quod possum, juxtà lugere sepulchrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

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GREEK EPIGRAM.

Αζόμενος πολύθηρον ἐκηβόλου ἄλσος ἀνάσσας,
Τᾶς δεινᾶς τεμένη λεῖπε κυναγὲ θεᾶς,
Μαῦνοι ἄϱ' ἔνθα κύνων ζαθέων κλαγγηεῦσιν ὑλάγμοι,
Ἀνταχεῖς Νυμφᾶν ἀγϱοτεϱᾶν κιλάδῳ.

FINIS.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

DEC 1 - 1978